The Procession

-I heard you before you got here. *We take the profits, you get the losses.*

-Our mantra. We have bankers, brokers, insurance dudes. And your government, John Q, in its infinite wisdom and in loving memory of our generous bribes, has bailed us all out.

-And now you're celebrating. In togas, yet. Wrong look for fat, pink shoulders. Except the women swarming around. They sure look wild. Some frenzy!

-They're a part of a serious, religious, ritual. Our Dionysian explosion of gratefulness. Prodigious Screwing comes later. All for the right reasons.

-And the wine, phew! Everywhere. Perhaps you could spare...?

-Not a chance, John Q. Not your end of things. We don't flick any fuckin flagons to finks.

-No harm in asking.

-Ah that’s where you’re wrong. Great harm! Know your place!

-Wow! Three guys carrying an immense dick!

-Vulgarity entirely inappropriate! It is a sacramental object!

-What will you do with it?

-Stick around.